

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CAPUCHIN BISHOPS, PRIESTS, AND BROTHERS IN INDIA.

(Bishop Eestermans, who sent the photograph, is in white, seated in the front row.)



THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.

Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

WE have some good news for our readers. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which publishes THE FIELD AFAR, has received from Rome its

Decretum Laudis.

We told this lately to a very intelligent friend, a priest who writes for fussy magazines, and he was not at all affected, because he thought we were already a full-fledged institution.

Decretum Laudis literally means *Decree of Praise*. Practically it witnesses that we are no longer merely a movement encouraged by the Church, nor simply an organization incorporated civilly under State laws, but a society guided by a special rule which has received the approval of the Holy Father and subject to the direct jurisdiction of the Congregation of Propaganda.

Our rule, which is based substantially on that of the Paris Society for Foreign Missions, will continue for ten years as experi-

mental. This will give every opportunity to modify it in parts, if necessary, and at the expiration of that period, it will be prepared for final approval.

The Decree came to us from the paternal hand of His Eminence Cardinal Farley. It is written on parchment, signed by Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of Propaganda, and sealed with the seal of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. Along with it was a copy of the rule as presented, but printed in book form, with a large margin on each page for annotations and changes recommended. This was the work of the Propaganda printing-press.

We must now embody the recommendations and have the rule printed. Each pamphlet will cover about fifty pages and will cost at least one dollar. Do you wish to pay for the printing? We can ill afford the outlay at this time but we are glad, just the same, to have the occasion of making it.

Decree.

In order that the very enterprising people of the United States of North America might make stronger efforts to spread the Catholic faith, according to the divine command, more widely throughout the world, with praiseworthy intent a new Society for Foreign Missions was, with the approval of the Hierarchy, established a few years ago in that country at a place called Maryknoll, to the end that young men called by God might be fitly trained to undertake their sacred duties among heathen nations. Now since the same Society has, by favor of Divine Providence, made gratifying progress and seems destined to advance even more prosperously in the future, if the Catholics of the United States aid it according to their means, certain statutes have been framed by its founders, designed to strengthen it by a fixed discipline and by fixed rules, and these statutes have, as was proper, been submitted for examination and approval to this Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Wherefore the Most Eminent Fathers of this Sacred Council, in a general assembly held the 17th day of May, 1915, after examining the plan of these Constitutions, have declared the aforesaid American Society for Foreign Missions worthy of special praise and have voted the Constitutions which it has presented (with the addition of some modifications, according to the copy attached) approved as experimental for a period of ten years. When this judgment of the Sacred Congregation was referred by the Secretary, in an audience held the 14th day of the following June, to Our Most Holy Father Pope Benedict XV., His Holiness deigned to approve it, directing at the same time that the aforesaid Society be placed under the immediate jurisdiction of this Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, and respecting all these points he ordered the present Decree to be prepared.

Given at Rome from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, on the 15th day of July, in the year of Our Lord 1915.

Seal of the
Propaganda.

Fr. H. M. Card. Gotti, Prefect.
C. Laurenti, Secretary.

WHAT a number of vocations must be going to waste, we thought, as we read lately in a letter from Holland that eighty apostolic students had been enrolled for 1915-16 at the newest Mill Hill preparatory school, in Tilburg. This school was a new venture three years ago and it entered a field already occupied by almost a score of mission-houses.

Now if the school at Tilburg had not been started, where would those eighty boys be? Some of them, doubtless, would have gone to another, similar institution, but many would probably have never realized the need and opportunity which have drawn them into the apostolic net.

Scores and hundreds of young Catholic hearts in the United States are waiting to be impressed by the priestly spirit. Many a good boy is too timid to take the initiative, or too modest to dare offer himself for priestly training without the encouragement of some officer in the army of Christ.

* *

OUR morning meditation the other day was on Divine Providence. Trusting in God and leaning heavily on Him is the secret of Maryknoll's growth. Perhaps you might use the recipe in your own dealings with God.

You have been following Maryknoll these past four years and you have seen her smiling most of the time—in fact, she tries to smile always. You have given her crackers and milk when she was hungry and you have kept her in good humor. So perhaps it all seemed to you a natural growth.

But look at it from another viewpoint. Maryknoll had absolutely no assured income, no capital, and the "good-will of the firm" was but promising in 1911. She had to be known to be loved and she was known to few. Yet God only waited to be trusted and as soon as Maryknoll smiled at Him, He began His work among you. You thought



THE SIGN OF SALVATION

you were feeding her, but we are sure now that it was God Who whispered to you to buy that land-slip or that bag of cement and send a cheery note to us. God is using you as His instruments, though you yourselves are possibly scarcely aware that He is near and urging, till an unusual grace is the reward of generosity.

We at Maryknoll have but a faint knowledge of God's workings with us, and yet it strikes us forcibly at times how weak and puny we are and how entirely we depend upon His care. We see debts looming up before us and nothing at hand to meet them, but He makes such times to show us that He wants our trust, and when we turn to Him, He sends through you an unexpected help that tides us over our difficulties. And this experience is not infrequent. On two occasions when we needed to enlarge our housing, the treasury was empty and barely enough money was coming in to cover running expenses. We felt that God would not send vocations without the means necessary to

train them and we gave the word to build. Offerings were received from States uncanvassed, people to whom this work was but a name, sent gifts and queries for further information, our little group of staunch friends increased their regular contributions, and God rewarded trust in Him by enabling us to pay the bills as they fell due and save ten per cent. by cash.

As we pick up the coin of the realm and read our country's motto there inscribed, we feel that were it practiced in the daily lives of all, God would return the confidence in Him in each case. Strong faith and unselfish charity will urge a loving, blind, unbusinesslike trust in the Father Whose tender care surrounds every living creature. After all, trust in God is only humility in one of its forms, a recognition of Omnipotence and Love and of our helplessness and need. "Ask and ye shall receive," Our Lord tells us. Let us take Him at His word. (From a student.)

* *

I scarcely need to say in so many words how deeply interested I am in the work of the Foreign Mission Seminary which you have so splendidly attempted and whose progress you so gaily achieve. I think we are all agreed that it is the duty of the Church in this country to enter the foreign mission field. Gratitude for what we ourselves have so recently received from fellow Catholics who took thought for the foreign missions when we were the foreigners, should incline us in the day of our prosperity to the work you are making your own.

Needing home vocations badly for this diocese, where Catholics are not an eighteenth part of the population, I have yet, as you know, felt obliged to yield to you one of my seminarians who sought to go, and I have done so willingly, in the hope that the sacrifice may bring a blessing on the diocese.

May your apostolic labors, therefore, thrive and afford you comfort and encouragement, that the cause of the Church, thus flourishing in foreign fields through the efforts of American priests, may thereby be strengthened and consolidated in our own land.

With every blessing, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,

†AUSTIN DOWLING,
Bishop of Des Moines.

A Column of Notes.

FHE apostolic school at Tilburg expected to have more than eighty students at its opening this fall. It is gratifying to note the splendid missionary spirit that is flourishing in Holland at such a time of need.

At Freshfield, the apostolic school for the English Foreign Missions (Mill Hill), it was found necessary, on account of the 'hard times,' to give the students a three months' vacation this summer. The rector, Fr. Farmer, writes that it is extremely difficult to keep things going at the present trying period.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Monsignor Merkes, Vicar-General of Madras, India, who visited this country recently and has since had a serious operation in Holland, is gradually recovering his strength and hopes to return to his mission in November.

Monsignor Merkes writes from St. Joseph's Mission-House at Roosendaal that while the war has cast its shadow over the nation, it has not affected missionary vocations and the college is doing well. This is indeed good news.

The American centre of the St. Peter Claver Sodality for African Missions, recently established at St. Louis, started its year's campaign by a crusade of prayer for the conversion of the Dark Continent. The zealous Director, Fr. Donovan, C.M., is planning to give two talks every week during the winter, one to parochial school children and one to parish gatherings. The results already accomplished by this excellent movement testify to an awakening interest in foreign missions on the part of American Catholics.

In November we naturally look for a rise in the status of our *All Souls Burse*. Notice what it is just now—\$1,658.79—and if you would see it advance, give it a little push yourself.

The priests benefited by this burse will offer special Masses for the souls of their deceased benefactors and will train their flocks to frequent prayer for those who dwell in the dark outer courts, waiting for the glad summons.

All Souls! Wise Mother Church reminds her children not to forget their dead. We ought to think of them—as we would have others think of us—daily, but we don't—at least, most of us don't.

So Mother Church sets aside a month to stimulate our charity, and the suffering souls are the gainers. What are you doing for your dead? Better than costly monuments are our prayers and sacrifices.

+ +

Publications.

PART Two of *Catholic Echoes of America* has just been published by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh, Pa. It is a decidedly readable pamphlet, full of interesting information. Price five cents a copy or three dollars a hundred.

The Difference between the Catholic Church and Protestant Sects is the title of a five-cent pamphlet published by the same Society. The tabular arrangement is adopted in this little pamphlet and the result is a very clear and concise explanation of the subject.

An American edition of Fr. Fischer's book, entitled *Our Lord's Last Will*, is one of the recent publications of the Society of the Divine Word, Techney, Ill. The

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If secured for a person now living, it will continue, after his or her death, as long as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society shall exist.

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May we suggest that you enroll your beloved dead as *Perpetual Associate Members* of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society?

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Maryknoll :: :: Ossining, N. Y.

price is sixty cents. An earlier English edition of this valuable work was prepared some years ago by Dr. Ahaus, now Director of Mill Hill's new preparatory school in Tilburg, Holland.

We have also received from Techney *The Call of Christ*, a pamphlet embodying an appeal to American youth to help spread the faith in heathen lands. Price five cents.

It has been well said that the prayers of the Church 'have nothing beyond them save God's inspired Word,' and there can be no better way of hearing Mass than by following, with the priest at the altar, all the prayers and ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice. It was, then, a happy thought to bring together in a book of convenient size all the parts of the Masses most commonly attended by the faithful, and the prayer-book just prepared by Fr. Wynne, S.J., should find a general welcome. It is called "The Mass, on Sundays, Holydays, and Other Days of Special Observance," and sells for twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or a dollar a copy, according to the binding desired. It is published by The Home Press, 331 Madison Ave., New York.



Many complain of hard times, but we pity no one, not even ourselves, so much as we do the poor, desperately poor missionaries all over the heathen world, whose supply from Europe has practically stopped. If you are asked to help them and you do so, you will be the gainer.

WE have welcomed, since our last issue, letters from the following missionaries:

AFRICA—

Fr. P. Rogan, Mumias; Fr. Röttgering, Nyenga.

CHINA—

Bishop Fatiguet, Kiukiang; Fr. Willette, Hainan-fu; Fr. Lebbe, Tientsin; Fr. Morel, Tientsin; Fr. Buch, Ningpo; Sr. Mary, Wenchow.

INDIA—

Bishop Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Devlin, Jusufpur.

OCEANIA—

Fr. Francis, Honolulu; Fr. Fealy, Schofield Barracks.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. Raymakers, Baguio.

We are grateful for letters and photographs received from:

AFRICA—

Fr. MacLoone, Nagalama.

CHINA—

Fr. Planchet, Pekin; Fr. Werner, Swatow; Fr. Fraser, Taichowfu.

INDIA—

Fr. Constant, Pasrur.

INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Mourlanne, Ywelon.

OCEANIA—

Bro. Joseph Dutton, Molokai.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Some of Mother Kevin's wants—you remember the list that appeared in a recent issue—have been supplied by a Connecticut reader. We shall be glad to complete the list, if you are interested in this hospital in British East Africa.

Fr. Rogan in tears! This is what our readers will find in the letter that follows, but the shower is a passing one and faith will bring back a smile to the

cheery son of Erin. In the meantime we get a good light on many an edifying detail of mission life:

I have a sad and serious message for THE FIELD AFAR. Fr. James Buren, the young priest who had a description of my mission in a recent issue, is dead.

A short telegram from his companion-priest, conveying the news to me, ended with the words, "Come immediately." I had just returned from a neighboring catechumenate and although my cyclometer registered twenty miles for the journey to and fro, I felt fresh enough to attempt the thirty-two miles that separate our respective missions. But distant peals of thunder and a lowering sky heralded the approach of an African storm. Within a few minutes the clouds had burst. Rain fell continuously for six hours, rendering the native roads impassable, and I was constrained to turn a deaf ear to the cry, "Come immediately."

I left as early as possible the next morning, but Fr. Buren had already been buried four hours by the time I arrived. Fr. Bouma, the superior of the mission, silently conducted me to the grave of his young companion and then tearfully told me the tale of his awful death.

For some weeks Fr. Buren had been busy in a neighboring wood, felling trees for a new church. Being a man of huge frame and tremendous strength, he took a special pride in the heavy timbers he had hewn for the roof. He was only twenty-five years of age and had been less than two years in the country, and it pleased him to think that his first building was to be a house for God. Day after day he worked with heart and soul, making the giant trees of a heathen forest serve as a frame for a church.

On the day of his death the large poles of the roof had all been raised and successfully placed except one—the one that killed him. It was his best and biggest pole—the one that had put up the strongest fight in the forest before yielding to the repeated blows of his axe—the one that would still give trouble before being finally forced to its appointed place. It had been raised but would not rest securely on the supports. The tree, young and full of life like Fr. Buren himself, seemed to resent being cut down in its prime.

Fr. Buren had just said Mass and made his thanksgiving. He slipped across to give the workmen a few words of instruction and then smilingly addressed the pole. "I am not going to tackle you yet," he said, "but as soon as I have had some breakfast,

I think I ought to be able to manage you."

After breakfast he climbed the scaffolding, determined this time to get in a final blow with hammer and hatchet. A little chipping was necessary here and there. Fr. Buren was cautiously seeking an advantageous position, when he suddenly slipped. In falling he instinctively grasped at the still unfastened pole..... "It was his best and biggest pole—the one that had put up the strongest fight in the forest before yielding to the repeated blows of his axe"—the one that had resented being cut down in its prime. It bore him to the ground and falling on him, killed him instantaneously.

Fr. Bouma, whose house immediately adjoins the site of the new church, heard the sudden shrieking of the workmen, followed by the thud-thud of the fallen pole. He rushed to the spot and with the aid of some of the catechumens, rolled the beam aside. Blood was gushing from Fr. Buren's ears and a slow, nervous movement of the hand towards his head was the only sign of life the poor priest gave. Fr. Bouma raised the body, rested it against the pole that had crushed it, and pronounced the words of absolution. In the meantime Fr. Hartman, who is also stationed at this mission, hastened to get the Holy Oils.

Fr. Buren's death is the first sacrifice offered in the unfinished church and he will be remembered daily by his brother priests as they offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Ten days have now passed and we are slowly recovering from the shock which his unexpected death gave us. He is uppermost in our minds when we silently make the memento for the dead, but we feel that he has already entered into the joy of his Lord.

During the short time that Fr. Buren was in the country, he endeared himself to priests and natives alike,



AT HOME IN THE JUNGLE.

(Photo sent by Fr. Matthews.)

for his daily life was a manifestation of the deep interest he took in everything that concerned the greater glory of God among these people. Years ago he consecrated his life to God for the salvation of souls, and although his ministry was brief, we feel that "he has gone to prepare a place" for them, "that where he is, they also may be." And while we continue to pray for him, let us pray also for his relatives and friends in Holland, that God may strengthen them to bear the heavy cross He has laid upon their shoulders and grant them grace to mount their Calvary in resignation to His divine Will.

Shortly before his death, Fr. Buren, who had gone to *Kisumu* for medical treatment, sent us this letter. In publishing it now, we feel it will inspire additional interest from the fact that the writer, like the two heroes of his own story, has laid down his life in the Master's service:

One rainy evening, when the pastor of *Kisumu* returned from a sick-call, my eye was caught by a simple little crucifix lying in the case that he had left open to dry. The iron cross was bent, all the wood was gone, and the figure of Christ was fastened to the cross by thin iron threads.

"What do you think happened to that crucifix?" the pastor asked.

I replied that it might have been an accident—a collision.

"No," he said, "it was burnt." And then he told me this story, which transpired in Uganda less than twelve years ago.

During the persecution under King *Mwanga*, a number of catechumens were seized and condemned to be burned alive. Encouraged by their catechists, they sang hymns in honor of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and as the fire was set about them, they started the *Te Deum*. Before they finished it, the flames had ended their lives.

When the report of their martyrdom spread through the Christian communities, one of the bravest catechists went to the scene in the early morning. Among the ashes he found this little cross, which he recognized as the property of a friend. With anxious care he took the treasure and put it around his neck, that it might shine on his breast as a sign that he, too, confessed the one true faith.

After the days of persecution were past, new missions were opened, churches built and schools erected. Our catechist returned to his village

and offered his services to the missioner. About this time the terrible sleeping-sickness broke out and the bishop proposed to give the faithful catechist a dowry, so that he could marry and live at peace, safely removed from the danger of contagion to which his missionary journeys would expose him.

But the boy would not listen to this. "I do not wish to marry," he said. "I want to work entirely for God, like your priests. I do not fear the sleeping-sickness; probably it has already taken hold of me while I have been attending our many sick Christians in their hiding-places."

So the bishop gave him his blessing and sent him to a remote mission-post where many people were dying every day of the dread disease. Here the zealous apostle worked untiringly, going about from place to place to prepare the way for the missioner. When the latter arrived at a central station, he would hear the confessions of the Christians, instruct and baptize the sick, and early the next morning say Mass. In the meanwhile the good catechist had prepared a list of the villages where there were sick people unable to come, and faithful guides stood ready to accompany the priest to them. Returning from such a day's work, the missioner would find his tent erected, a fire kindled, his food prepared and his camp-bed ready. Porters were waiting to carry him on the morrow to the next station, whether the catechist had already gone.

But one day the Father was startled by hearing a loud yell, and turning, he saw his catechist stretched on the ground. Suspecting that something was wrong, he went towards the unfortunate youth, who jumped up and began to wrestle with the priest. There could be no doubt of the truth now. The beloved catechist was in the last stages of sleeping-sickness, which commonly ends in fits of madness.

Later the sick man regained his senses and two nights afterwards he said to the missioner: "My end is near. Please stay with me, for my eyes will not see the light of tomorrow's sun." Then, pointing to the crucifix on his breast, he added, "This cross, the history of which you know, is your property after my death, but I beg you to replace it by another when you bury me."

Not many hours afterwards God called this faithful soul to receive its eternal crown. The priest eagerly took the little cross, substituting for it a larger and more beautiful one, and today he keeps in his sick-call case this precious treasure, a relic of two martyrs.

The expiration month is on your wrapper, but not the year.

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STRAY ITEMS FROM INDIA.

An honorary medal was recently bestowed by the King of England upon Reverend Mother Ste. Lucie, Provincial Superior of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary in India. This dignity was well deserved by the devoted religious, who has spent sixty years of her life in India, cheerfully braving hardships and dangers and laboring with tireless energy to raise the standard of true womanhood in a pagan land.

The Belgian missionaries are fortunate in that none of their priests have been recalled for military service, but they are handicapped by the withdrawal of support from the home country. A Belgian missioner in the Punjab writes:

Since the beginning of the war Protestant missionaries have been showing much more activity. They think their cause is won, but they are quite mistaken. On the material side they may be better off, but Our Lord will keep up His true Church against error.

Our Christians are helping a little during these trying times, but insufficiently, of course. Yet not a single village has fallen off. Though I have had to withdraw catechists, the people do not want to leave us. On the contrary, it is just this that has awakened many an indolent sleeper. With the small help, whatever it may be, of some remaining missionary friends and with the prayers of those who can do no more, we hope to push on and even develop our work.

Have you ever met Fr. Joseph Devlin, of Jusufpur, British North India? If not, we beg to

introduce you. This is what he writes about a friend of yours:

A thousand thanks for THE FIELD AFAR! It is as good as a tonic to foreign missionaries. Please continue to make it as lively as possible, for it is the only comic paper we receive out here.

I always pass it on to a convent in my vicinity. The Sisters are supposed to have pious reading during meals and they use THE FIELD AFAR for this purpose when it is at hand. I was shocked to find out the other day that some of them glance at it between meals. They justify themselves by saying that the paper, though pious, produces risibility and that it is impossible for any nun under sixty (the time at which nuns begin to grow old) to refrain from smiling at the jokes, unless prepared beforehand. Well, it is still young. I am sure it will develop a more matronly tone when it has chicks of its own on the foreign missions.

I suppose you have no buffaloes at Maryknoll. If you had, you would stop bragging about your pigs. The buffalo 'licks' all the quadrupeds I have seen, for stupidity. He is used largely to turn the wheels of Persian wells for irrigation. The native blindfolds him, puts him on the wheel, and then goes and has a snooze. The poor beast, knowing no better, continues to turn the wheel for hours without stopping. In his blindness he thinks the native is behind him all the time with a stick, while, as I told you, he is sleeping under a tree somewhere.

Our readers will be interested in this letter, which was written in English by a native Indian priest, Fr. Joseph D'Souza. It came to us in answer to the request for a Mass, which we ask our missionaries to offer each year for our Society and its benefactors:

With THE FIELD AFAR I received a request for a Mass for your work. To say the least, that is a very modest way of putting it. We are in debt to you, not only for the regular receipt of your amusing and attractive paper, thoroughly Irish from cover to cover, but more for your efforts to raise up missionaries for the field afar.

When the great ones of the land spoke in such encouraging terms of your noble endeavors, how could I, a poor Indian missioner, dare to chime in with them? If ever silence meant consent, certainly it was so in my case. God only knows how we priests in India have rejoiced over the establishment of your Seminary and how often the *Te Deum* has been sung from grateful hearts. Like weak human be-

ings, we now and then feel a tinge of envy when we read in THE FIELD AFAR of China or Japan as the Land of Promise, but we take it as a good Limerick joke and know that India will not be forgotten. I shall willingly say five Masses for your work; it is rather a minimum *quid pro quo*, but I suppose you will be satisfied.

From the change in my address you will see that I am no longer in Bangalore. The church and its good, devout parishioners have been left behind, perhaps for good. The typewriting class, hockey and football club for boys, sewing class for poor pariah girls, and the Sacred Heart League have been given up.

I am now 'lord of all I survey, whose right there is none to dispute.' I have been put in sole charge of the ecclesiastical district of Mattigiri. Here's one of the effects of war! I am promoted to the captaincy with five stars. I am now entrusted with the care of five chapels—or rather cow-sheds—and twenty Christian villages.

The people are rude and half pagans. It could not be otherwise, for they have been visited but once a year, and then alone have they enjoyed the consolation of hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments.

I am just now on my rounds and am at a village called *Dasarahally*. If you saw the church, I am sure you would give me a good 'dose.' In spite of your charity, you would say that I had little faith to put Our Lord under such a roof. I fear it is a bit true, but I console myself by the thought that He paid His first visit to the Manger. As for the presbytery, I can have a shower bath in it free of charge, whenever the good Lord sends His rain, and by

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night I can afford to study Astronomy --a subject neglected during school days.

Lately I appealed most earnestly for a motor-cycle (with a side car), but Our Dear Mother alone knows whether my dream shall ever be realized. The machine would help me to give my Christians the consolation and blessing of hearing Mass at least once a month, and it would make it possible for me to have frequent intercourse with pagans, opening the way for conversions.

The drawing on our last page was made by an artist in the field, Fr. Mourlanne, of South Burma, who thus excuses himself:

I am subject from time to time to short but violent attacks called, I believe, by the scientific name of *painters' colic*. The causes are various and unforeseen. The last 'fit' was due to reading a number of THE FIELD AFAR and I am sending you the results as evidence. If you know of an effective cure, send it by return mail, for the trouble is very bad at times, as Lacordaire would have said. If you do this, your kindness will be equalled only by my gratitude.



WHERE RACIAL LINES ARE LOST.
(This photograph, which was sent by Fr. Constant, represents a German and a French nun on a missionary journey in India.)

A Chinese Melody.

By a Teresian.

LT had seemed to Ah Tzing and Mui Quai that the past week would never end, yet here they were again at the border of the stream in whose crystal waters they had come to wash some newly-woven linens. The Feast of the Moon, when all conventions are laid aside while China pays homage to the Queen of Heaven, the Lady Moon, was close at hand, and the two girls, cousins, were to spend the holiday with their grandmother, who lived near the great capital.

"My honorable Mother has at last given me a new dress, with the most beautiful sash you can imagine, and I shall wear it when we go out. Who knows but that a prince may be abroad, too?" It was Ah Tzing who spoke, and as the water cleared, she looked with satisfaction at the lovely image it reflected.

"Ah, yes, I am very beautiful. Is it not so, Mui?"

"Truly you are a peacock, Ah Tzing," replied her cousin, laughing. "But have a care, lest the Queen of Heaven grow jealous of your beauty! Is it not enough that you have captivated San-Lee, so that he is only waiting for your consent to make you mistress of his great house? I think you are losing your head when you keep on refusing to even give him a smile."

"That ugly, old miser! I would sooner marry a Christian," flared back Ah Tzing, with a scornful toss of her pretty head.

"Oh, you might do well to

marry a Christian," quickly retorted Mui. "At least they are kind to everybody. Do you remember when little Marie Leung was ill and I went often to see her? She was a Catholic, you know, and she told me many beautiful things and gave me a little book which I know by heart. Would you like to read it?"

"No, of course not! Why should I? You are very tiresome to-day, Mui, scolding and preaching! I shall have no fun with you at all next week, if you keep on. I am going now."

Then, fearful lest she had hurt the gentle Mui, whom she loved dearly, Ah Tzing kissed her lightly, leaving her to finish the work which at that moment had little place in the young girl's thoughts.

The evening's fun had begun. Ah Tzing, dressed in her most bewitching fashion, and Mui, modest though gay, made their way in suppressed excitement through the throngs already filling

the narrow street. All seemed to be moving in the same direction—towards the hill on which stood a temple to the goddess. The Lady Moon herself was slowly coming through the sky to receive the offerings prepared for her and to bless the land with her soft caress. Lanterns representing her in her different moods lighted the streets, and hucksters tempted the passers-by with cakes, sweets, and toys in the guise of little moons and crescents.

The whole world seemed happy and joyous, so much so that Ah Tzing stopped suddenly and stared at a fine, tall youth making his way towards them—away from the hill and the temple. His bearing was dignified, his expression serious. It was plain that he was not interested in the festivities.

"Mui, the prince!" exclaimed Ah Tzing. "Let us follow him. Did I not tell you I should find him?"

Glad to withdraw from the ever-increasing crowd, the two



"Here they were again at the border of the stream in whose crystal waters they had come to wash some newly-woven linens."

(Photo sent by Bishop Mutel.)

girls, with beating hearts, followed the tall figure before them. Sometimes they lost him in the crowd, and at last, when it seemed that they must give up the pursuit, he turned into a side road and entered a temple.

The girls hesitated an instant. The strains of a peculiar music reached them, and the faint odor of incense. Fearfully Ah Tzing pushed open the door and in a moment they found themselves in a little Catholic chapel, where men, women, and children were kneeling in adoration before a brilliantly lighted altar.

Instinctively they fell on their knees. Mui knew at once that she was where she had often longed to be, in a church such as Marie Leung had pictured to her, where the true God lives always. Ah Tzing had discovered her 'prince' and, assured of his presence, was gazing at the altar.

It was Benediction hour and the monstrance was enveloped with clouds of incense, which veiled without obscuring the Sacred Host.

"O Mui, what a beautiful Lady Moon!" whispered Ah Tzing.

"That is the Son of God," Mui replied. As she spoke and adored, she believed, and when a few moments later the Host was raised to bless them, she cast her lot forever with Christ.

To Ah Tzing, who did not understand at all what she had seen, it was very bewildering. The "Moon" had disappeared; the singing, in a language she had never heard, had ceased; the strange priest had gone; the lights, except one red lamp, had been put out, yet many lingered in silent prayer.



"Where men, women, and children were kneeling in adoration before a brilliantly lighted altar."

(Photo sent by Fr. Jarreau.)

She had forgotten her 'prince.' Then suddenly she was conscious of some one at her side softly asking if she was a stranger and would not like to meet the *Shan fù* (Catholic priest). He would be very glad to see her.

Poor Ah Tzing! It was her 'prince' speaking, but she had only one desire now—to run away from it all. How foolish she had been! She put out her hand for Mui. Mui was not there. Glancing around, she soon discovered her friend kneeling at the altar with several others—and praying, too. Was it the vengeance of the Lady Moon for her pride, that they should be caught in this strange place, and was Mui already bewitched? She seemed so still and far away!

Then, recovering herself, Ah Tzing assured the youth that she did not wish to see the priest, that

she was only waiting for a friend.

Mui came back to her place soon and again the young man approached them. It was his special duty in the church to welcome newcomers, and many a restless soul had found there a haven through his timely word of sympathy.

That was a glad moment for Mui, who recognized at once Marie Leung's brother James, whom she had not seen since the family had moved to Pekin. Outside the church there were many questions to be asked and answered. The girls learned that Marie had become a nun, that one of the boys was going to be a priest, and that James himself was working his way up in a mercantile house. Ah Tzing, her own bright self again, told the beginning of the adventure which had ended so happily.

As they walked along through the beautiful city over which the moon now shed her softest rays, feeling that this, perhaps, was a special time of grace for his two companions, James Leung explained simply the meaning of the beautiful Benediction service they had seen, touching upon the birth of Jesus, His years with His blessed Mother, who is the real Queen of Heaven, His brief public life and the giving of Himself to all mankind at the Last Supper, before His death on the Cross. It was this same Jesus Whom they had seen in the Sacred Host, Who had blessed them, and Who rested hidden in the little tabernacle. He told them, too, how sorrowful is the heart of the Church, especially on the great pagan festivals, when she beholds millions of people offering to idols the love and devo-

tion which belong to Jesus and to His Mother.

To Mui it was an old, much-loved tale, the background of her dreams as she wove the linens and washed them in the stream; to Ah Tzing it was a new and incomprehensible one. But it sank deep into the hearts of both, leading Mui to find her happiness in the convent and making possible for Ah Tzing a life of blessed content with her 'prince.'

Maryknoll, October, 1915.

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The Doctor's Column.

IN the *Bulletin Catholique*, of Pekin, we read:

There has just been formed in Japan a society designed to support the development of Japanese medical work in China. This association, which is assured of aid from the government as well as from private concerns, has at its disposal a capital of \$5,000,000.

Thirty hospitals and twice that number of medical schools are to be established through its instrumentality in the principal Chinese centres, and medical faculties will be installed in Pekin, Canton, and other important cities.

A clipping from the *Tientsin Sunday Journal*, sent to us by Fr. Planchet, procurator of the mission of Pekin, gives some facts that will interest the 'Doctor' and his friends:

There are three hospitals and dispensaries at Pekin, St. Vincent's, St. Michael's, and the Tong Tang. The St. Vincent Hospital is visited daily by at least 400 out-patients. In the early hours of the morning the door is besieged by an enormous crowd of natives awaiting treatment. To the St. Michael Hospital are affiliated six dispensaries.

In all these hospitals and dispensaries, medicines, medical advice, and even surgical operations are free. It is superfluous to relate the immense amount of good work carried on among the natives by the Sisters in charge of the dispensaries. During the year 1913, 197,000 native patients were attended to, and during the year 1914, this number increased to 217,000.

Send for a mite box and let the family gather gradually for each of its departed, a Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership.

Spasms from the Knoll.

"WHO would not be a farmer's boy?" quoted an enthusiast to us one day as he showed us his silage, which later went bad. "Who would?" we were inclined to ask last August as we watched the oats getting inky and added our tears to the falling rain-drops.

The farmer, however, must be a good loser, and we try to cultivate this spirit at the Knoll. Things even up, after all, and if the oats did turn on us after our many kind attentions, the corn is safe in the silo.

But they always go back better informed.

Speaking of American brogue, we get choice samples along the line and at the Knoll. We have here some representatives from Boston, who refer to their fathers' sisters as *a-h-n-t-s*, and others from the South, who talk about *anty* and *ants* as if they were card-players or sand-dwellers.

Not long ago a New England priest arrived in New York and

But what does the average FIELD AFAR reader know or care about farm life anyway, so long as he is supplied with food?

"We had some very wet weather lately," said a 'distinguished prelate' at whose house in New York we were getting a free lunch.

"Yes," we answered musingly, as we flicked some overlooked hay-seed from the lapel of our coat, "yes, our oats were nearly spoiled."

You should have felt the shock that encircled the rectory table. What had oats to do with the weather in New York? There was a significant tapping of heads as we lapsed into soup-tasting silence.

Gradually, however, we are educating these city people. They run up occasionally in a friend's auto or in some struggling curate's 'Tin Lizzie,' and we answer patiently such questions as these: How can you tell the difference between a rooster and a duck? Will those oxen chase you? Do you cut hay with that (threshing) machine? Do the hens lay for you or for the other fellow?

After a couple of hours or less, they get lonely without the noise of traffic and are glad to go back to the streets of New York, where they may hear the brogue of their native village and read Yiddish at leisure in the subway trains.



HARVEST-TIME AT THE KNOLL.

took a five-cent car-ride. The conductor, a glad-to-see-a-priest kind of man, anxious to entertain his reverend passenger, jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "A big building down there was *boint* this morning."

The priest looked puzzled and the conductor, raising his voice, repeated, "It was *boint*—the big building I showed you was *boint*."

"I catch the big building," an-

swered the priest rather helplessly, "but what happened to it?"

The conductor gave the ticket-crank a violent turn, added another transfer-check to his pile, and almost yelled, "There was a *F-I-R-E!*"

Then there is the dropping of the h's. "Wat," "wy," "wich" fall on our ears so frequently that we begin to think that after all there is something wrong with ourselves.

But the real American brogue comes, not, as some think, from 'Hobucken' or within a ten-mile radius, but from a city nearer New York, which we cannot name without giving offense. There, it seems, if you wish to buy oil, you must ask for *earl*, with a slide over the r, while if you are being presented to one of those titled gentlemen, you meet the *Oil* of Lancashire or some other farmer.

In the late summer we received a visit from Bishop Gabrels, of Ogdensburg, who from the beginning has shown keen and kindly interest in our work. Bishop Gabrels motored from New York in company with Monsignor Mooney, V.G., Monsignor Dunn, and Fr. Dineen.

Another empurpled visitor of recent date was the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Doyle, pastor of Milltown, N. B., and dean in the diocese of St. John, N. B. Monsignor Doyle is on the eve of his golden jubilee. Fifty years of blameless priestly life is his noble and enviable record. When he left All Hallows' College in Ireland, it was to go to the foreign missions, but this meant then, as it means yet to not a few in Ireland, *America*. Yet we believe that if the request for service had come from the Far East, Monsignor Doyle and many with like apostolic hearts would have responded as promptly as they did to the call which reached them from America.

Among other guests not yet reported on these pages were the Very Rev. Dr. Dyer, President

of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice Hassett, Vicar-General of Harrisburg, Pa., Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, of San Francisco, Rev. Chas. J. Powers, C.S.P., of New York, Rev. H. de la Chappelle, S.M., Bros. George and Joseph, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. Church, Assistant Warden of Sing Sing Prison, Rev. Felix Byrne, of Dubuque, Ia., Rev. E. L. Sullivan, of Port Chester, N. Y., Rev. Joseph A. Skelly, C.M., of Germantown, Phila., Rev. Wm. F. O'Brien, of Durham, N. C., Rev. E. J. Bertrand, S.M., of Boston, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Vidal, S.M., of the Fiji Islands, who came with his companion, Fr. Helliet, and two German-American priests from Brooklyn—all symbols of peace. We also received but did not entertain two or three insurance-agents, one policeman, a cow-trader, and a tramp.

We're like that old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
We have so many students,
We don't know what to do;
But we'll give them some broth
And fill them with bread,
And when they are hungry,
We'll send them to bed.

—*Father Gander.*

The senior students passed several weeks at their homes before the school-term opened. They returned somewhat thin, but none the worse for wear and happy to get into harness. Ten went out and ten came back.

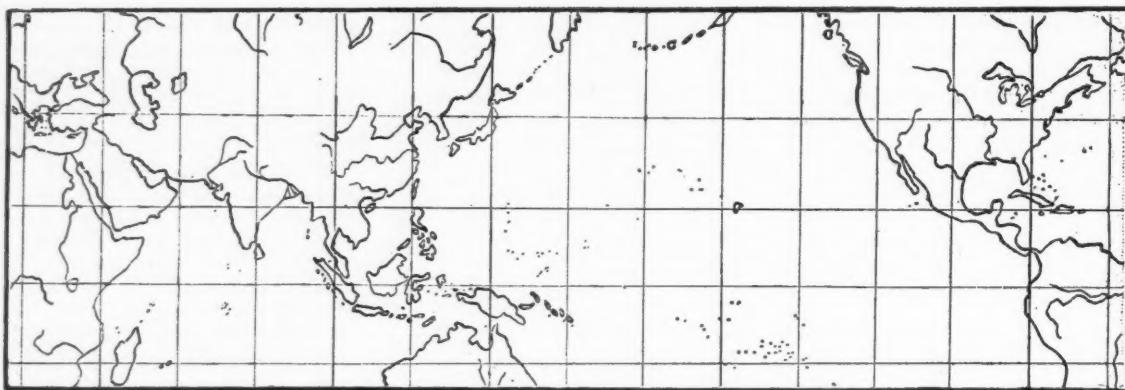
Awaiting their arrival were two new-comers, one from Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Ellenora, Ohio, who will enter his second year of theology, and one from St. Francis' Seminary, Wisconsin, who has already completed three years of theology. Later came others, a newly ordained priest from Washington, D. C., a first-year theologian from Cincinnati, another from near the Hub of the Universe, a philosopher from the Nutmeg State and a La Salle alumnus from 'Little Rhody.'

One or two more are in sight, and before this issue of THE FIELD AFAR appears, we shall have smiled a welcome at twenty juniors. The smile will soon come off, however, because we are in presence of a real puzzle—how to put forty pegs in twenty holes.

The FIELD AFAR Office-Building, which will house the Vénard School this year, is not ready, but we have a few tents, a barn, a chicken-coop, and lots of fresh



THE FIELDS BETWEEN THE SEMINARY AND ST. TERESA'S.
(A new road, to be seen at the right, has been recently constructed by the students.)



air. Hence we expect to solve that problem. But then comes another, not less difficult,—the feeding of the forty in a room that is well-taxed with twenty and five. Well, don't worry. We are managing.

This reminds us that the bread-line at Maryknoll is getting long. In one of our bold moments we suggested, through these pages, that it would be a praiseworthy and thankable act for somebody to pay our monthly bread-bill. And as surely as we sit here and write, not a mother's son or daughter threw even a crust at us. Perhaps they thought we already had enough.

Now that our family is larger—we shall be sixty, all told, with the 'boys' home and the Teresians increasing in numbers—the monthly figure for our daily bread will rise to \$50. Perhaps, then, it is safer to ask for a day's supply at about \$1.70. This may appeal to some tender heart, where a load of sand or a barrel of cement will fail.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that the documents relating to our more or less famous "Rockefeller lawsuit" have been filed in the Seminary archives and marked *finished*. It is one trouble over and it was worth while. We came out with a

credit balance of \$6,750 and the check which we received for this amount, bore the name of *John D. Rockefeller*. We would have photographed the check, but we needed the interest and could not spare the time. Besides, we were afraid that we should wake up and find it was only a dream.

What shall we do with it, you ask? That is a very simple question. Ask rather, "What became of it?"

Well, we appropriated enough at once to dig the sea-serpent's grave—our new sewer—to the village line. This enables us to direct to higher purposes the very kind gifts of a few choice friends who subscribed for the sea-serpent's grave because they felt that few would be attracted to do likewise.

The remainder we applied to water-pipes, ditches, an underground tank for Standard Oil products, and to some outstanding accounts. We had hoped to take a slice off our mortgage, but there is a limit even to \$6,750.

Did we tell you that another horse died on us? If we failed, it is because we are getting so used to such experiences that the loss seems less serious than formerly. Or perhaps it is because larger concerns throw into shadow such an event as the death of a horse.

"Nigger" was his name, but

there was not a lazy bone in his body. He was black but not beautiful, and besides 'working off his keep,' this faithful beast saved us much more than the loss we mourn—\$85.

"Nigger" rests near his predecessors, in what may yet be the Horse-Chestnut Grove, a lovely feature on the Maryknoll landscape.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Permit me to say that I am in perfect sympathy with the work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and wish it all success.

With profound respect, I am

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH CHARTRAND,
Bishop Coadjutor.

A PROBLEM.

Bertin Ashness, one of our Vénard students, left his home in Malacca, May 1, 1915, and arrived at Maryknoll, July 28. He stopped at Singapore, Saigon, Hongkong, Manila, Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, San Pedro, Balboa, Colon, New York, and Ossining.

Trace on the above map the course which the seventeen-year-old boy took to reach Maryknoll, and send the result to the FIELD AFAR OFFICE. The first to answer correctly will receive a copy of *A Modern Martyr or Stories from The Field Afar*, as may be chosen.



NEW subscribers re-recorded since last issue:

Ordinary	- -	116
Associate	- -	139*
Total		255**

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Vestments from Rt. Rev. Friend, Boston, Mass.; vestments and altar-cards from Rev. Friend, Pa.; embroidered centrepiece from Franciscan Sisters, Buffalo, N. Y.; breviaries from Leavenworth, Kansas; surplices from St. Zita's Home, N. Y. City; cope and Benediction veil from L. L., New London, Conn.; cinctures from Mrs. M. G., So. Boston, Mass.; napkins from J. S., E. Cleveland, Ohio; books from M. K., St. Albans, Vt.; book and pearl penholder from A. B., Rochester, N. Y.; bath towels from M., N. Y. City.

FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$8.45	1
California	19.15	3
Colorado	2.00	
Connecticut	31.50	22
Delaware		1
District of Columbia		6
Illinois	24.00	11
Iowa	3.25	2
Kansas	1.00	
Kentucky	1.00	
Maine	23.10	2
Maryland	1.60	
Massachusetts	584.64	41
Michigan	506.00	5
Minnesota	6.00	
Mississippi		1
Missouri	3.00	7
Nebraska	2.00	1
New Hampshire	18.00	1
New Jersey	10.50	7
New York	167.55	98
North Carolina		1
Ohio	12.00	12
Pennsylvania	477.65	23
Rhode Island	26.20	4
Tennessee	1.00	1
Virginia	51.00	
Washington		3
Wisconsin	2.00	
FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.		
Canada	2.00	1
Ireland		1
New Brunswick	1.00	
Prince Edward Island	1.00	

*Includes nine *Perpetual* Associates.

**Includes 27 priests and 6 Sisters.

Odds and ends of silver and gold—old watches, brooches, cuff-buttons, chains, bracelets, paper-cutter handles, broken spoons, and half a hundred other things—have been accumulating in our safe for some time. Lately we turned into the U. S. Assay Office all that had no special destination, and what do you think came back? The tidy sum of \$182.90. We are now looking for more cast-off finery.

A dollar-bill came recently for the furnishing of a room in honor of *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*. We have had several rooms furnished at fifty dollars each and there are a few awaiting patrons. This, however, is the first gift of one dollar, and we have accepted it in the belief that other clients of *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, unable to give fifty dollars, will gladly share in the full amount.

We don't mind when our subscribers fail to dot their i's. (We notice that our own dots usually run an inch or more to the right of their proper place.)

But it actually gives us a shock to read \$100. at the top of a check and *one dollar* on the second line. We get this shock oftener than a precise writer would believe, but after all, it is a more welcome experience than to be presented with a bill for payment, and as soon as we recover, we are thankful.

"You people up there must be having a struggle," writes a friend, "and I wonder that you don't sing the sad song occasionally."

Perhaps we do, but on those occasions our voice gets too low to spread the vibrations very far. And after all, we are quite convinced that we make out just as well and probably better—even for our own cause—by sounding the cheery note. Everybody has his troubles and we don't like to add ours to those of our readers.

Our sealing stamps sell for ten cents a dozen.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues)	for \$4.00
25 "	" " 10.00
50 "	" " 20.00
100 "	" " 40.00

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

As a rule we don't sell to our subscribers the wares which they send us, but the following letter is worth space at least to others than the author:

The humble check I am enclosing is to pay my Associate Subscription for another year and to provide for a day's labor or a bag of cement for your building projects, or to get chicken-feed, or to do some other one of the innumerable necessary things that are so amusing to us readers of **THE FIELD AFAR** but must be harassing to you even as you write them up.

Next week I go back to teach "Johnnie" and "Mary" the value of commas and quotation-marks. Some one asked me not long ago what I should like for a tombstone inscription—a gruesome topic, but we had been discussing a particularly ugly memorial recently erected. I told her I thought a huge period or a colon would be specially appropriate. She was horrified and I don't know but that she should be at the period notion—"full stop," you know. Yet the colon—"denoting expectation of a detailed explanation to follow"—seems to me not at all bad, and if any one thing has been prominent in my life, it's the group of dots and dashes called punctuation-marks.

Did you read the little story that went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago, about the teacher who, after drilling and drilling on telegrams, asked her pupils to write a suitable message to their fathers, announcing a railroad accident to the train on which each Johnnie and Mary was to imagine himself or herself to have been journeying? They were particularly cautioned to let Father know that they were unharmed, and one angel-faced girl submitted this:

Dear Father—Come at once. Mother is killed. I am in the refreshment room.

GLADYS.

Such is the reward we get for our labors. If, like you, we can only preserve our sense of humor and a shred or two of the dispositions with which we set out, we may hope that the "detailed explanation," though frightfully long, may be mercifully accepted.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

A school in Indiana has sent us a dollar obtained by selling scrap paper. Just think what would happen if every school in the United States were equally thoughtful!

Two hundred pennies from one hundred and fifty Italian children in Newark gave us a pleasant sensation recently—not, however, that we were hit by the coppers, for the gift came in paper form.

We know of a Sunday School teacher who gives out our Prayer Prints every Sunday as rewards for good lessons. "I venture to hope," she writes, "that in this way I may sow seeds of love for the missions."

An oven and cutter for altarpieces is something we must have, as our daily Communions at the Knoll now number about sixty, with an average of six Masses. Here is an opportunity for some lover of the Blessed Sacrament to give a fitting and useful memorial. If this suggestion appeals to you, please write before ordering.

This is the season for installing a mite box in your home and keeping it there until Christmastide. Members of the family, young and old, and visitors as well, may find occasion from time to time to express in a practical way their interest in our work. Our little messenger *does not ask the substance* of your offerings for charity—home, parochial, and diocesan needs claim this. It seeks only the crumbs that are left over, saved by some act of self-denial.

Student Burses.

[A *burse* or *foundation* is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibord Burse	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.
The Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*\$3,159.12
Towards St. Teresa Burse	†2,028.50
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	†1,916.43
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,744.75
Towards All Souls Burse	1,658.79
Towards The A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse	1,503.00
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Vénard)	1,420.95
Towards Father B. Burse	*1,055.00
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,028.76
Towards St. Patrick Burse	1,011.25
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard)	1,008.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	616.50
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	465.54
Towards St. Stephen Burse	343.00
Towards St. Columba Burse	305.50
Towards Pius X. Burse	287.60
Towards St. Anthony Burse	283.13
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	255.71
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse	228.85
Towards The Susan Emery Memorial Burse	204.95
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	166.21
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	163.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	140.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	121.00
Towards All Saints Burse	72.90
Towards The Precious Blood Burse	68.00
Towards St. Dominic Burse	60.30
Towards St. Rita Burse	34.00
Towards Curé of Ars Burse	25.00
Towards Joan of Arc Burse	10.00
Towards St. Paul Burse	3.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

Special Funds.

Towards Foreign Mission Educational Fund	\$1,300.00
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*On hand but not operative.
†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

PRIESTLY INTEREST.

Some of the 'breeziest' letters we get, are from priests, and by 'breeziest' we mean, even at this season of the year, 'most refreshing.' Here is one from Illinois that actually would have made us blush, if our skin had not long since been cracked:

Pardon the liberty, but "you are a joke, right," as they sometimes say out here—and I intend this for a compliment. You're O. K., the best beggar for Our Lord I've yet seen in print.

I was talking with our bishop ("the prince of them all") the other day. He enjoys your paper like unto the rest of your readers. I don't know whether you get returns in money from His Lordship's interest, but he never loses a chance to speak on the work.

When your first priest is within a year or so of his start for the field, send him out this way to get acquainted. Write the bishop; perhaps he might map out a trip through the diocese. Let the people see and hear this prospective missioner; give them the 'personal touch.' I could take him around my little parish for a week or more, doing no begging at all, and after he had reached the field, I could get many contributions for him.

You use this idea yourself in showing how the dollars go for cement, rings, ropes, stakes, etc. String that list "for the bull's nose" as long as you can. Keep it going till it takes a column.

Well, good luck! Here's a check for five dollars. Send me ten copies of THE FIELD AFAR instead of one—that's four dollars. And let one dollar go for a staff to lead the bull to water or for a chain to take the place of the rope or anything you name to keep the ball rolling and bring you a few more dollars.

A priest in the Springfield diocese who has been watching our *Blessed Theophane Vénard Burse*, by a gift of twenty-five dollars brought it up to four figures.

We heard recently of a Pennsylvania priest who refrains from riding in a Pullman in order to turn the money over to Maryknoll. And his inspiration came from the story—it once appeared in THE FIELD AFAR—of a certain black cat which cost its owner twenty-five cents a week and was allowed to live only on condition

that the same amount be sent to our Seminary.

A clerical friend whose name is Denis, was caught by the picture of 'Dinny Dunny' that appeared in a recent issue. Renewing his Associate Subscription, he writes:

Din, Dinny, Denny, Denis, Dennis, and Dionysius, appearing in print or in script, invariably attract my attention.

Your pickaninny in his chocolate Sunday-suit will be seen to better advantage when he has this green shin-plaster to emphasize his Celtic origin. The fact that the note has done service in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania causes it to be of a darker persuasion and will make the contrast with his nibs' ebony background less pronounced.

Even priests have to be 'Din-Dunned' and many of them, as the following letters reveal, are grateful for the reminder:

I am sending a check for three dollars and thank you for reminding me. You need never hesitate about 'Din-Dunning' me when THE FIELD AFAR is in question.

You will find enclosed one dollar for renewal of my subscription to your most excellent little magazine. If ever I get ahead of the game, you will receive more than a dollar for your worthy cause.

Your kindly reminder of my neglect is exactly what I needed. I was "just going to" for so long that I just didn't. Now I've simply got to 'get going.' I am enclosing a little extra for the offended office staff who are afraid to get after the clergy.

I am in receipt of your note of recent date, in which poor lil 'Din Dun' gets sort of bashful. The poor chap has had so many rebuffs from 'pairsons' like me, who are constantly putting off till a favorable opportunity, that no one can really blame him if after a while he begins to think of turning hand-springs to shift his luck. I am ashamed of myself for dilly-dallying and send a bit extra to take the curse off.

Do not feel that a bill for past subscriptions or a renewal subscription will in any way offend me. I always look for a bill or statement, whichever one wishes to call it, and seldom think of forwarding a remittance until I receive such. This is business, pure and simple. I subscribe for perhaps twenty

different publications and they all send out statements when subscriptions are due. Most of them discontinue the paper until the bill is paid.

I am very grateful to you for 'Din-Dunning' me. I thought all along I was paid up to next month, but I must have been mistaken. However, mistaken or not, 'tis a worthy cause. Therefore, I shall endeavor to make restitution with interest.

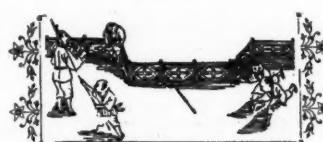
Enclosed you will find five dollars. Please send THE FIELD AFAR to the nuns whose addresses are given below. They are all near relatives and I wish them to enjoy your delightful paper. Besides, they may be able to assist you in your noble work. Send the paper with my compliments. Each year you may bill me for these subscriptions and if I am remiss, 'Din-Dun' me.

The remainder of the five-spot, devote to the *St. Patrick Burse*. Being a son of the Emerald Isle, I am interested in this gentleman, and perhaps a little later I may be able to give him a boost in the "League Standing." It is with joy that I mark his progress upward. He ought to be leading the "League." An Irishman is out of place at the bottom.

IT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE
to share in a Foreign Mission Burse. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each Burse, or foundation, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations. Every Burse represents at least \$5,000, which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this purpose.

Let children of to-day provide a burse for the education of a missioner. We wish to feel that at least one of our burses is the fruit of their simple faith and trained charity. The Holy Child Burse will yet admit many offerings. If you are interested, send for one or more cards. Each is designed to invite penny gifts to the number of twenty-five.



How to Execute Your Own Will.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same. Persons of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

WE ask you to pray for the souls of:

Rev. T. Conaty	Dr. John O'Malley
Rev. W. H. Phelan	John G. Costello
Rev. B. H. Kloecker	John McCormick
Rev. J. McKenna	Winifred McCormick
Sr. Claire	Patrick Nolan
Sr. Barbara	Mary Nolan
Sr. Basilia	Mrs. Ellen Tully
Robert Craig	John B. Sloane
James Murphy	John Hayes
Mrs. J. McLinden	J. W. McDermott
Timothy Donovan	Mrs. Mary Hammond
Mrs. Mary Flanagan	Catherine Tierney

Don't Waste—

Special delivery stamps on letters to Maryknoll. We are outside the limit.

Don't Waste—

Registered letter stamps (10 cts. each) to send one dollar. Enclose your dollar-bill under a two-cent stamp and ask St. Anthony to get it here safely. We will take the risk.

Don't Waste—

More postage on cancelled stamps and tinfoil than these articles are worth. Five hundred ordinary cancelled stamps are worth one cent. Tinfoil is worth three cents a pound.

Both are worth collecting, but their value lies in the accumulation, without cost, of large quantities. We shall have more to say of cancelled stamps and tinfoil when we get some elbow-room in the new Field-Afar Office-Building.

If we did not ask you for a bag of cement or a load of sand, please write for instructions.

